

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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MAUD MULLER'S BIKE.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Mounted her wheel and rode away.

Beneath her blue cap glowed a wealth
Of large red freckles and first-rate health.

Singing she rode, and her merry glee
Frightened the sparrow from his tree.

But when she was several miles from town
Upon the hill-slope coasting down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a sort of terror filled her breast—
A fear that she hardly dared to own,
For what if her wheel should strike a stone!

The Judge scorching swiftly down the road
Just then she heard his tire explode!

He carried his wheel into the shade
Of the apple trees, to await the maid,
And asked her if she would kindly loan
Her pump to him, as he'd lost his own.

She left her heel with a sprightly jump,
And in less than a jiffy produced her pump.

And she blushed as she gave it, looking down
At her feet once hid by a trailing gown.

Then said the Judge as he pumped away,
"Tis very fine weather we're having to-day."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of twenty-mile runs and centuries;

And Maud forgot that no trailing gown
Was over bloomers hanging down.

But the tire was fixed, a-lack-a-day!
The Judge remounted and rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed, "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"My father should have a brand new wheel!
Of the choicest make and finest steel."

"And I'd give one to ma of the same design,
So that she'd cease to borrow mine."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A prettier face and form more fair
I've seldom gazed at, I declare!"

"Would she were mine, and I today
Could make her put those bloomers away!"

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And shuddered to think how they would scold.

If he should, one of these afternoons,
Come home with a bride in pantaloons!

He married a wife of richest dower,
Who had never succumbed to the bloomers' power.

Yet, oft while watching the smoke wreaths curl,
He thought of that freckled bloomer girl!

Of the way she stood there pigeon-toed
While he was pumping beside the road.

She married a man who clerked in a store,
And many children played round her door.

And then her bloomers brought her joy
She cut them down for her oldest boy.

But still of the Judge she often thought
And sighed o'er the loss her bloomers wrought.

Or wondered if wearing them was a sin
And then confessed: "It might have been."

Alas for the Judge! Alas for the maid!
Dreams were the only stock in trade.

For of all wise words of tongue or pen,
The wisest are these: "Leave pants for men!"

Ah, well! For us all that hope remains
For the bloomer girl and the man of brains.

And in the hereafter bloomers may
Be not allowed to block the way.

— Buffalo Commercial.

ACETYLENE GAS.

There was a time when the name kerosene was as strange to the average man as the name in the heading of this article. Yet it seems that acetylene gas is destined to become as much of a household word as kerosene oil, and supersede its use to as great an extent as coal oil has candles. It may be that there will be found families in this country who will never have used coal oil but will pass from candles to acetylene gas.

The writer had, of course, read of the recent discovery of a cheap method of producing the calcium carbide from which the gas is generated, but it was in a superficial way, and had not realized that probably the odor of acetylene gas would soon be as familiar to the children of men as coal oil, but now we begin to think it. While in Lewisburg, Mr L. C. Steele, a plumber of Charleston, was kind enough to give us an opportunity of observing the effects of this gas.

It should be stated that acetylene gas has been known to scientists for a long time, but no way of producing it cheaply had ever been discovered. A boy near an iron furnace lighted his cigarette and threw the match into a pool

of water. The pool took fire and burned. He learned that this was due to fusion of coal with limestone. Then with the knowledge of a chemist it was discovered that coal-dust and limestone if subjected to 5000 degrees of heat would fuse, and this forms the calcium carbide which generates the gas. The stuff looks like a cement made out of whitewash thickened with coal dust. For an experiment you break off a piece with a hammer and throw it in a bucket of water. The water immediately begins to boil. A match is applied and for several minutes the bucket of water burns fiercely. You pour off the refuse and find that the carbon has burned out and that a tolerable quality of whitewash remains in the pail.

This gas gives the most perfect artificial light in the world at one-third the cost of coal oil at its present prices. The calcium carbide retails at 4 cents per pound. In a few years carbide will be sold in country stores to the extent coal oil is now. Keep carbide away from the air or water and it will keep forever. If air strikes it, it will slack; if water, gas will be generated. The generators arrange for carbide to be submerged in water until enough gas is formed, and the elasticity of the gas raises the carbide chamber above the water and no more gas is generated.

Fire insurance companies advocate this new method of lighting, so it is supposed to be safe.

To illustrate briefly what the light is like, it is sufficient to say that dark blue cloth can be distinguished from black as well by its light as by daylight.

A CARD.

To the Democratic Voters of the 8th Senatorial District:

The Democratic press of this district having made kind and favorable mention of me in connection with the party's nomination for the State Senate; and, having been requested by a number of my friends to make known to the public my wishes and intentions in the matter, I deem it proper to make a brief statement.

I am not a candidate for the State Senate, nor for any other office, and do not expect to solicit, for the nomination, the support of any gentleman who may be appointed as a delegate to the Hinton Convention.

Under the rotation rule, which has prevailed so long that it has come to be a kind of unwritten law of the party, the nomination comes to Greenbrier this time, and I take it for granted that the county's delegation in the convention will insist upon an observance of the rule. If there be another gentleman in Greenbrier who desires the nomination, I will not throw a straw in his way, and, if he be nominated, I shall be satisfied, and will, of course, support the nominee of the convention, regardless of the county from which he comes.

Having said this much, it is proper I should add that if the convention should see fit to name me as the party's candidate for the Senate, I will accept the nomination, and, fully appreciating the honor, will use my best efforts to carry our banner to victory, and, if elected, will be none the less diligent in the effort to render faithful and efficient service.

THOS. H. DENNIS,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
May 30, 1898.

A Bee Is Kept.

A girl from town is staying with some country cousins who live at a farm. On the night of her arrival she finds, to her mortification, that she is ignorant of all sorts of things connected with farm life which to her country cousins are matters of every day knowledge. She fancies they seem amused at her ignorance.

At breakfast the following morning she sees on the table a dish of very fine honey, whereupon she thinks she has found an opportunity of retrieving her humiliating experience of the night before and of showing her country cousins that she knows something of country life after all. So, looking at the honey, she says carelessly:

"I see you keep a bee."—Pearson's Weekly.

For The Pocahontas Times

The Treasure Trove.

XVIII.

SUCCESS is never so sweet as when we have resigned ourselves to failure. As it was, Weston thought fully as much about his chance of seeing his sweetheart as he did of digging up the buried treasure. He traveled by the first train, and as he would get there before a letter could be mailed it after he had finished writing, he did not write. He was surprised the attitude of the maid's heart, and she wondered.

This narrative can only treat the love phases of the characters in a hurried manner. It deals with a much more important theme—money. We can go about among men without love in our hearts, and be an acceptable member of society, but we must have money in our pockets. And so we can not be expected to record every whispered word and every kiss that passed between the two lovers. The billing and cooing of two young people, which is supposed to be a perfectly private performance, is described in detail by the ancient and modern novelist. We have been educated to read all this lifelike reproduction of their words upon each occasion without once thinking what these two estimable people—who have become real under the skillful treatment of the novelist,—think of having this most sacred scene laid bare before the world. How can they go about among their acquaintances without some mischievous friend retailing scraps of that wonderful conversation. What a row would be raised when the jovial friend would quote, "On my bended knees I swear it, Elaine!"; or the equally jolly girl friend of the lady, when she got Elaine in a crowd would give a passage from the record, "Oh, Launcelet! My prince and my king!" And Elaine will remember the last time she combed Launcelet's hair for saying the baby was crying for meanness; and Launcelet will reflect on the time he got in a swivet because Elaine burned up his oldest pipe.

While we can not undertake to give the full details, we must before passing tell of the strange effect of Weston's sudden appearance at Mr Saunders'. Mary answered the knock at the door and when she saw him standing there, the poor girl could not help her eyes shining like a happy child's, and before Weston had hung up his hat in the hall she remembered that she had thrown off the reserve which was her disguise, and she blushed and became confused.

It all happened so suddenly that they themselves could not tell how it was. Weston had her in his arms, and Mary, who had wanted a place to hide her blushing face, was compelled to use his shoulder for that purpose and found it did very well.

After they had discussed some private matters relating to weddings, which it is unnecessary to divulge for the benefit of the curious, Mrs Saunders entered the room.

Poor Mary's face revealed the secret. Let a loving young girl, whose life is so much one of suppression, discover by the best and most pleasant possible means that the man she had set her heart upon loves her, and the veil will be lifted for a time and her face will shine like an angel's in heaven. Weston took courage by an indefinable look in Mrs Saunders' face and told her that he was thenceforth to be her son, and, trusting him, she kissed them both and told them to be good children.

Thus having given a short statement of a very important incident, we will return to business.

Weston knew that there was a stream called Turtle Creek the year before he had gone with a young boy to fish for trout in it. On that occasion while resting by a spring they had heard the sound of a muffled explosion, and the boy had remarked that that was Anthony Frønger dynamiting fish.

"Say, let's catch him," said the young sportsman. "Them fellows down at the court-house hev a standin' offer of \$20 for the arrest and conviction of a man what dynamites fish, and I've laid fer old Frønger lots of times, but I aint never done it yet."

They stole softly around a bend, creeping behind the willows. They looked cautiously from their place of concealment and saw a dead fish floating on the top of the water. A big trout which had withstood the temptations of the bait offered by fishermen for years, and had retired into the deep water of that pool to live secure. They saw an old-man with a long gray beard at the lower end of the pool waiting for the dead fish and putting them in a bag slung around his shoulders.

His plan had been to explode a charge of dynamite on the top of the water. This has the effect not only of killing a large number of fish, but if done a number of times causes all fish big and little to abandon the stream. Hence the activity on the part of the sportsmen at the county seat to make an example of an offender. The Judge, who had sporting instincts, openly declared that if a conviction could be secured he would give him the longest sentence in his power.

Old Frønger had been suspected a long time. The Prosecuting Attorney had hired a man to watch him several times, but on those occasions he fished diligently with hook and line, and as he failed to catch an unusual number of fish, every one was morally sure that he was a dynamiter. But retribution was coming close now.

Weston and the boy had crept to a point opposite to where the dynamite had been used. They saw that old Anthony had got a few fish, but the water having cleared it was apparent from the shining places at the bottom of the water that the greater part of the fish had sunk. Anthony noted this, too, and set about getting them out. He took off his clothes down to the skin, and stood among the willows perfectly naked. He looked carefully around and seeing no one he ventured out of his place of concealment. He tried the water and found it too cold. The water of Turtle Creek was almost as cold as ice. He waded out to the centre of the stream in the shallow water at the head of the pool. There he hesitated before advancing into the deeper water for his fish. He stood peering down in the deep pool at them, with the water nearly up to his knees.

Just then down the woodland path tripped a dainty city maiden who was a summer boarder at The Oaks. Her way lay across a foot-log at the bottom of the pool and she was half way across before old Anthony saw her. If he had just stood still he would have probably been unobserved, but it occurred to him that the proper thing for him to do would be to submerge his body, and consequently he started to sit down.

The young lady had a very well defined idea that there were dangers unseen in the wood. Therefore, when she heard the loud

"Oogh! Oogh!" an involuntary exclamation which Anthony gave as he tried to force his shrinking flesh into the cold water, she promptly fell off the foot-log, crying, "Save me!"

She recovered sufficiently to stand up in the water, cling to the foot-log, and scream shrilly.

The old dynamiter hurried in the brush looking vainly for his clothes. The boy had stolen them. Weston helped the young lady from the water. She was badly frightened:

"What was that horrid animal?" she asked.

"It was a wild hog after fish."

"Oh! It seemed to be coming right at me. When it saw me it made such horrid sounds."

Weston saw the young lady out of the woods and received many protestations of gratitude. He returned in time to meet two constables, and they ran old Anthony up and down through the willows

until sundown. They succeeded in making him break cover just before dark, and having got him in the open, they being younger, speedily overhauled him. He confessed and was sent to jail for six months.

Thus Weston by this adventure had no trouble remembering Turtle Creek.

The morning after his arrival at Woodbins' he proceeded to the ford where the only road of any importance crossed this stream. There he found his bearings by finding the marks as called for in the memorandum. He had made the necessary measurements and found that as he completed the triangle he crossed his trail by a clump of pawpaw trees. Being provided with a mattock and shovel he began to dig. Just then a hard-featured man rode up and asked him what he did there.

"Are you the owner of this land?" Weston replied.

"Yes, sir."

"I had neglected to ask your permission to dig here for some money which was hid here during the war."

"Oh, no; dig away. You air welcome to anything you find jest so you don't dig any sang on my land, and if you wasn't better dressed than the balance of them I'd run you off the place for a sanger."

Weston worked diligently while Judson sat on his horse and talked to him. Suddenly the mattock gave a ringing sound and a handful of gold coins rolled out. Judson saw the gold, and he went back to barbarism. Forgetting all his training, and that he was class leader and Sunday-school superintendent, he shouted profanely:

"Get off of my land, you damn-dude," and getting down commenced to finger the gold lovingly.

Weston handled him roughly and finally overpowered him. Judson came back from his fit and agreed to leave the gold in a third party's hands and let the court decide the ownership thereof. This brings us down to the lawsuit.

(To be Continued.)

THE HEAVENS IN JUNE.

From The Scientific American.

At 9 P. M. in the middle of June the great star Arcturus is overhead. Even for those who know and care but little about astronomy it is worth while to look carefully at Arcturus, because Arcturus is the very mightiest sun that the heavens are known to contain. Its distance is about a thousand millions of millions of miles, or more than ten million times the distance of our own sun. Since the intensity of light decreases as the square of the distance increases, it is easy to show that if we were as near to Arcturus as we are to the sun, the earth would be vaporized by the blast of unimaginable heat which would smite it, for Arcturus must exceed the sun in light and heat giving power in the ratio of six thousand to one! As to the actual size of Arcturus, it is not improbable that its globe would more than fill the entire space that is belted by the orbit of the planet Mercury! Not to know Arcturus, then, is to be unacquainted with the most stupendous physical phenomenon within the range of human vision.

An easy way to make certain of the identification of Arcturus is this: Look for the Great Dipper, which will be found between the pole and the zenith, with its handle upward. Follow with the eye the bending line of the handle, beginning with the bowl, and continue it beyond the last star to the end, to a distance about equal the entire length of the Dipper, and thus the eye will be led to a bright yellowish star, which is Arcturus. Far southward shines the white star Spica, in Virgo, and farther west the planet Jupiter, the three—Arcturus, Spica, and Jupiter—marking the corners of a large triangle.

Northeast of Arcturus will be seen the beautiful circlet of the Northern Crown, and half way between the Crown and the horizon the brilliant Vega will catch the eye. This star ranks next to Arcturus among the recognized giants of starry space. Its distance is more than five hundred millions of millions of miles, and in light-giving power it probably exceeds the sun about two thousand times!

Those who have telescopes may enjoy an exceedingly beautiful contrast of color by looking alternately at Arcturus and Vega.

A VERSATILE LAWYER.

Or, A Tale of the Great "Pocahontas Andy."

It may or it may not be known by a majority of the reading public that the accomplished and exceedingly resourceful editor of the Pocahontas Times is a lawyer of high standing as well as a proficient journalist. In the former professional capacity, it was his misfortune to run afoul of the learned judge of the Eighth Judicial District, some time since, when the following "passage-at-arms" occurred, much to the discomfiture of the hereinbefore mentioned distinguished lawyer.

It seems that Pocahontas Andy had applied to the Court for a temporary injunction, restraining the further collection of claims against the sheriff of Pocahontas County, pending the settlement of the said sheriff's affairs which were then very badly tangled. The injunction was granted. But as a matter of course and to be very naturally expected of such an exalted member of the legal profession, Andy had some claims for collection against that same sheriff himself. Even the densest mind can see the dilemma in which the lawyer-journalist was placed. To give his own claims from the legal force of said injunction, while all other creditors took the consequences, was the problem that presented itself to the legal acumen of Pocahontas Andy, and thereby hangs a tale.

With Napoleonic confidence Andy approached the Judge and addressed him:

"Your Honor, I move that the injunction protecting the sheriff from further legal procedure on behalf of his creditors be suspended as to certain claims I now hold, but that it be held effective as to every body else."

The force of this proposition temporarily stunned the Judge, but he presently recovered and sternly interrupted Andy with—

"Sit down, sir."

But the speaker was persistent and quite unmoved by the impatience of His Honor, so he tried again with—

"Now perhaps your Honor does not understand me—I AM ON BOTH SIDES OF THIS CASE!"

But the Court understood by this time, and, shaking his finger in a threatening manner at the speaker, said in his most emphatic manner:

"Sit down, Mr Price, or I shall fine you for contempt!"

And Pocahontas Andy, for the first time in his career, was compelled to subside, while the Judge adjourned Court for the remainder of the day, in order to allow the balance of the bar to regain their equilibrium.—Webster Echo.

As there was a general expressed desire to see the above item, we publish it. Unfortunately for the reputation for veracity of him who wrote it, there is not a word of truth in the whole article. There has never been such an incident in the court-house at Marlinton. The lawyers who obtained the injunction are Messrs McAllister and McAllister, of Warm Springs, and the rest of the pack, including your humble servant, have been clogging them ever since to get the injunction dissolved. The article seems to be the idle vaporings of an idiotic brain.

Our Navy—Illustrated.

At the present moment, when all eyes are turned to the fleets which are sustaining so nobly the honor of our country, we often hear people ask, "What is the difference between an armed cruiser and a protected cruiser?" Very few people are able to answer such queries off hand, and it would be hard to obtain satisfactory answers to them from cyclopedias or dictionaries. To answer these and similar queries the Scientific American has just published a "Special Navy Supplement" a large folio of forty pages illustrated by ninety illustrations, showing the vessels of the Navy, whether battleships, coast defense vessels, gunboats and marine boats. Unlike most publications dealing with the navy, the actual methods of the "Fighting the Ship" are described—the engines, boilers, guns, turret, mechanism, steering gear being illustrated. We do not know of any publication which gives in any degree the same matter. The present time is most opportune for a publication of this kind and we are pleased to know that the sale has been phenomenal. This issue contains a colored map of Cuba and the West Indies. It is sold for 25 cents a copy by all newdealers or by Messrs Munn & Co., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York.

"This thing ought to be published." "Very well, I'd tell it to my wife."